

Lovemates

by AdventureFreak5

Category: Aliens in the Attic
Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance
Language: English
Characters: Sparks, Tom P.
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-04-08 00:41:25
Updated: 2016-04-13 21:21:29
Packaged: 2016-04-27 22:09:31
Rating: M
Chapters: 5
Words: 8,855
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sparks' whole world was over. He tumbled from the pod as rain poured from the heavens. He didn't even wonder at the strange creatures staring at him. He needed the children. He had to know about them, to see that some form of childhood was still alive. He stood and staggered toward the house. Nobody was there. It looked like it hadn't been lived in for a while. No! He needed them!

1. Chapter 1

Here's a story that's been a long time in the making. Back in 2009 when this movie first came out, I wanted to do a story on it, but I couldn't think of a storyline. I dig the dvd out of the dvd bin and watch it again, then this idea hits me. I don't exactly know how long this series is going to last, so enjoy it while you can. :)

* * *

><p>Tom started at a noise outside his window. He was alone in the house. Bethany was at college, Hannah was at a friend's house, and his parents were on a cruise. He stood and hesitantly approached the window, sliding it open quietly. He was not expecting the desperate, golden eyes that were staring at him. He jumped back and tripped over the corner post of his bed, hitting the floor with a gasp.<p>

"Sorry, hu-man," the alien whimpered as he slid inside the room. He hit the ground and sat there, tears pouring from his eyes as he stared at the boy. "You look the same, hu-man, save the courage in your eyes."

"Snuggle Lump?" Tom asked in shock.

"Snuggleâ€|?" The alien blinked then snorted. "Oh yes, what the female child called me."

"Well, you never gave us another name, soâ€¦"

"Sparks. My name is Sparks."

"Sparks. My name's Thomas. Tom for short." The human paused. "Are you alright? I mean, I don't know much about your species, but on Earth we call that crying, and it's usually bad."

"H-hurts!" Sparks sobbed, reaching up blindly, needing to be held.

Tom was hesitant as he knelt down and enfolded the alien in his arms. Emotions had never been his strong suit, but Sparks didn't seem to need more than a long hug. The Zirkonian pulled back, wiping his face with his hands.

"What...what happened?" Tom asked haltingly.

Sparks looked down and shivered, so the human hummed. "Are you hungry?"

The alien's head shot up and he nodded eagerly. "Yes, Tom. I am quite hungry. I have only caught a few little mice, and one gopher, to eat."

Tom grimaced. "Gross. How about pizza? They deliver and I have quite a bit of money. How hungry are you?"

"Pizza? That isâ€¦good, I think. I am quite hungry. I could eat a lot. I have not been eating well, as I mentioned previous."

Twenty minutes later, two large pizzas were on the dining room table. Sparks sniffed it then ate eagerly. Tom was grateful that he had taken three pieces or he wouldn't have gotten anything. Sparks looked very contented afterwards.

"Many thanks, Tom," he sighed. "Food is just what I needed."

"No problem." The human paused. "Are youâ€¦I mean, why are you here?"

Sparks seized up again, and tears pooled in his eyes. "I am in trouble on planet Zirkonia. They have _zenob'd_ my family."

"_Zenob'd?_"

"Um, k-killed. My family no longer lives. My beautiful baby girl. My twin boys, gone! My brilliant wife, never to hold me again!"

Sparks had clearly been trying to hold it together, but at the mention of his daughter, he began to crack. His sons made tears stream down his face. When he sputtered about his wife, he collapsed and began beating at the table. Tom grabbed him and held him close as he wailed about his loss. When the alien was a limp, trembling mess in his arms, he carried him to the bedroom and laid him on the bed.

"I'm going to take a shower. You can sleep here. I might move you

when I go to bed, but other than that, you should be undisturbed."

"Thank you, hu-man."

Tom left him alone and hurried to take his shower. Sparks tried to sleep. He really did, but the scent was enticing. It was comfort. Not like his parents' comfort. More like his wife's comfort. And when his wife offered him comfort, she usually offered it with much vinagi. He shivered. Were they even compatible? They were two entirely different species from two different planets!

He stood and hurried to the bathroom. His tool belt came in handy as he used it to open the door. He slipped in, closing the door quietly behind him. He could see the silhouette of his human—"did he dare to call him his human yet, if at all?"—through the red patterned curtain. The Zirkonian inhaled steam, which made him frown. He didn't want steam.

He silently disrobed and parted the curtain, peeking in. Tom was sitting at the other end, head buried in his arms. Sparks slid into the shower, sighing internally at the warmth that surrounded him. There was silence save for the water for a good two minutes before Sparks inched forward and lightly touched the human's knee.

"Tom?"

The poor boy jumped violently. "Oh! Sparks! W-what are you doing in here?!"

"I—|wanted to get clean," Sparks lied.

"Oh. Okay, I—|I guess."

Sparks washed with soap while the boy watched. He appeared to be interested in the alien's anatomy, but seemed afraid to stare. Sparks finished washing then faced Tom.

"I do not mind if you stare, Tom Tom."

"Tom Tom?" the boy said, making a face.

"You do not like the nickname?"

"It's odd. I'll decide tomorrow. I'm tired."

"That is good. As I said, you can stare. I do not mind."

"You promise?"

"Of course, hu-man."

With that permission, Tom openly observed the clearly male alien. He matched human anatomy where it counted, but his body shape was clearly different. Sparks felt pleased that the human wasn't derisive like all of his species was. Maybe they were compatible.

"You have seen me, Tom Tom, now I must see you."

Immediately the boy looked embarrassed. "Iâ€|Must you?"

"It is fair."

Tom nodded and stood on his knees to let the alien look at him. He felt distinctly uncomfortable, especially when Sparks reached out and touched his manhood. A delectable smell filled the air and, to the boy's embarrassment, he began to harden. Sparks smiled.

"Tell me, hu-man. How old are you in Earth years?"

"I j-just turned s-seventeen," Tom whimpered as Sparks began to stroke.

"Seventeenâ€|That would beâ€|one hundred and sixty-one at least. That is very acceptable. By eleven years at leastâ€|Now relax, hu-man. Let me take care of youâ€|"

"Sparks, pleaseâ€|I-I don't thinkâ€|"

"Yes, Tom Tom, don't think. Just feel. Relax."

Tom was finding it extremely hard to relax as those hands touched him _just right._ Soft little moans came from him as he quickly grew closer to release. Just the feeling of another being touching him where only he'd touched was so heady that he sank down. Sparks seemed pleased by that.

"Tell me, hu-man. Have you done _vinagi_ before?"

"I-I don't know what that is," Tom whimpered. "Just d-don't stop! A little more! Please!"

Sparks laughed. It seemed his Tom Tom hadn't much experience with lovemaking. That was good. That meant that he was fully his. Or would be, at least, if they were compatible.

"I will not stop, but only if you promise reciprocation!"

"I, yes! I will, just keep going! Soâ€|so close!"

Sparks sped up his touches, sending out more of the pheromone that had started this lovely little session. Within a minute, the boy stiffened as pleasure rushed through his body. Sparks was fascinated at the white stuff that coated his hands. He licked it. It had a musty smell and a slightly bitter taste. He quickly cleaned his hands with his tongue.

Sparks stood back and let his human breathe, taking in his appearance. Tom's cheeks were flushed red and he was trembling, head thrown back against the wall, breathing uneven. The alien was pleased. He was aroused as well, ready for touch, but he had to give the boy some time. He could clearly remember his own introduction to lovemaking, and it had blown his mind. Judging by the drained expression on the human's face, this was his introduction.

After a few minutes, Sparks touched him. "Hu-man? You are well, correct?"

"Y-yeah. Justâ€|just a little surprised. That, um, felt

nice."

Sparks laughed. "I would say, Tom Tom, that it felt more than 'nice'."

"Umâ€|yeahâ€|"

Sparks couldn't help but smile as he realized that the tables were turned. On his wedding night, Sparks had been a wreck, trying to do everything at once while being painfully shy. Now here he was, completely confident in his sexuality, while his potential mate shied away from every mention of it. Suddenly, the Zirkonian shivered.

"The water is cold now," he said as he shook.

"Y-yeah. Let's get out."

The water was turned off and the alien was put in a huge towel. He dried off then grabbed his clothing, seeing no need to put it on as the boy walked to his room in only a towel. The door was shut and Tom sat on the bed, glancing shyly at Sparks. The alien smiled, tossing his clothes aside then lifting his arms up. The human pulled him up onto the bed, setting him down gently.

"Are you sufficiently rested, hu-man?"

"Iâ€|I guess."

"Good. Now you must reciprocate, as you promised."

"I don't know howâ€|I mean, I've never doneâ€|"

"You are quite the smart boy. If you wrong-do something, I shall tell you. Now, relax. This is lovemaking, not Utonium science."

"And I take it Utonium science is extremely difficult?"

"Indeed. Even for me, it takes a long time. Now, stop stalling."

Tom glanced at the alien then picked him up and put him on his lap. He looked him over, taking in his form again. He swallowed. Maybe leading up to actually touching hisâ€|down there, would be better. Tom drew his hand across Sparks' chest, finding the smooth, almost slick feeling of the skin fascinating. Sparks didn't rush him, seemingly enjoying the firm touches. He hummed and pressed forward.

"Yes, hu-man. Just like thatâ€|"

Tom waited until the Zirkonian's hips were beginning to move and he looked painfully aroused before he slid his hand down in between his legs. Immediately Sparks latched onto him, arching up desperately.

"Yes!" he hissed, grinding down.

The human moved his hand up and down, feeling the alien's length pulsing in need. Tom shuddered as he picked up Sparks and cradled him as he rubbed faster. The poor creature was desperate, fingers curling

and grunts leaving his throat.

"Just aboutâ€|Tom Tom! Soâ€|so close!" Sparks managed to choke out in English before descending into a long stream of Zirkonian words and gasps.

Sparks shuddered as release hit him and immediately buried his sharp teeth into his lover's shoulder. Tom screamed in pleasure/pain as something zapped between them. Literal sparks flew and Tom came hard with no warning, spasming as something foreign slammed into his mind. The pleasure reached a fever pitch, and the last thing the human saw was Sparks' golden eyes staring at him with blood decorating his lips before darkness overtook him.

2. Chapter 2

Here's chapter 2. :)

* * *

><p>Tom groaned as he woke. His shoulder hurt. So did his head. He lifted his head up to see a naked alien curled up on his chest. Soâ€|that hadn't been a dream. Had he seriously just had his first sexual experience with a being from another planet? Answer: apparently. He lowered his head and sighed, hands absently coming up to stroke Sparks' back. The green being shifted and, as he woke up, something seemed to bloom in the human's mind. He froze.<p>

_ ~Tom Tom? Do not stop petting. Feels nice.~_

Tom gave a little scream of fright and shoved the alien off of him, leaping off the bed and standing on the other side of the room. Sparks blinked.

~Is something wrong?~

"Y-you're mouth isn't moving!"

"Would you prefer it to?" Sparks asked plaintively, sitting there and staring at him.

"H-how were you doing that?"

"I believe that we are beyond compatible, hu-man. I feel a deeper connection to you than I did to Stellar. Our _vinagilar_ is very strong."

"Vinâ€|What?"

"It is aâ€|bond? of sorts. Between ourâ€|minds, I believe is the word. The fact that it is still there tells me that we have a _lilona vinagilar_, which is very rare, even among Zirkonian pairs, let alone with a hu-man. I believe Razor and Tazer have one, if they would ever lovemake."

"How do we get rid of it?"

"Get rid of it?" Sparks frowned, looking hurt. "I lose my wife and my new mate doesn't want a _vinagilar_ with me?"

"I am _not _your mate!" Tom shouted then spun around and grabbed at his closet.

He got dressed, storming out of the room when he'd finished, and headed down for breakfast. The alien was wounded. What had happened? He could feel his mate's irritation, but there was something else: fear. Tom was afraid. Why? Sparks saw a computer in the corner and decided to do a little research.

At lunchtime, Sparks came downstairs and saw Tom cooking in a large pot. He climbed up onto the table and cleared his throat.

"Tom Tom?"

"What?" Tom asked with a growl.

"Iâ€¦I am sorry. I did not realize that your kind does not have anything like _vinagilar_. I did not mean to scare you."

"But?" Tom asked, sensing the word.

"But I am afraid that the bond is there. We cannot change it. I am sorry, hu-man."

"So now I'm like your mate?"

"Yes. I have marked you as my own. Unless some hu-man comes along and challenges me, you will be mine until the day we die."

"Why did you do that?" Tom asked, sounding scared again. "I don't know if I'm ready for that kind of commitment."

"I shall guide you through the process of getting acquainted."

"Answer me!"

Sparks flinched at the tone then looked down. "To be honest, I did not think it through. I was missing my wife and our _vinagi_. I needed a presence to understand my sharp-pain. And you seemed like the perfect candidate. I explored your mind last night while you were overwhelmed with passion-pleasure. You are smart, and, given the right training, you could be as brilliant as I am."

"Modest much?" Tom asked with a snicker as he poured a large bowl of macaroni for the alien then one for himself.

Sparks smiled. "I am. But the test scores do not lie. And I am the youngest graduate, let alone Top Nut, from ZIT."

"Glad you're so brilliant," Tom muttered as he sat down, feeling inadequate. Sparks frowned.

"Come here, hu-man. Feel my mind. I do not condescend you! I love you. There is no shame in your lesser knowledge. You are younger than I by several decades of Zirkonian years, and by five years of your time. There is nothing to fear about me. Together we can learn of each other and our cultures, yes?"

Tom shrugged and began to eat. Sparks could still feel his boy's feelings of inadequacy. He ate rapidly then walked across the table to settle in his human's lap. Tom stiffened as the alien slipped under his shirt and began to lick at his stomach, but, feeling shy and not knowing what else to do, he just continued eating. Sparks hummed in delight at the pheromones coming from his boy.

"Mm, you smell good," he purred.

"Thanks?"

"Oh, it is indeed a compliment, hu-man. You make my blood boil with want. Please, finish your sustenance intake so we may go back upstairs toâ€¦get better acquainted."

Tom choked on the food and washed it down quickly with water. He gasped for breath then stood, causing Sparks to tumble onto the floor. Sparks blinked up at the boy, noting the red color of his cheeks.

"There is no cause for embarrassment, Tom Tom," the Zirkonian soothed. "If you do not want to lovemake, then we do not have to."

"Iâ€¦not right now," was said out loud, but Sparks clearly heard the thought in his lover's head. _~Not ever, if I have any say in it.~_

Sparks frowned. "You do have a say in it. And if you do not wish to lovemake again, then we will not lovemake."

"Can you hear my thoughts or something?" Tom asked in embarrassment.

"Yes. You do not know how to shield. It is ratherâ€¦_snorlmac_."

"What's so sweet about it?"

Sparks paused. "You understood my Zirkonian?"

"It sounded funny. It was another language?"

"It was _my_ language!" Sparks said happily. "Oh, our _lilona vinagilar_ is strong indeed if you are already skimming my language!"

"Cool. Hey, wanna watch a movie or something?"

"Movie?"

"Yeah, come here. I'll let you pick."

They enjoyed several movies then ate dinner before going back upstairs. Sparks clambered onto the bed and curled up on the pillow. Tom messed around on the computer for a while then found himself staring at Sparks. There was great desire for him, and he found his hand rubbing his growing length through his pants. He lost himself to the sensation for a good three minutes before he felt desire echo back at him. Freezing in embarrassment, he shyly glanced at Sparks,

who was copying him. There was no judgment in those eyes, just want.

~Would he want to?~ Tom wondered.

"I might give you an answer if you ask me properly."

"Would you?"

"Would I what, hu-man?"

"Want to do that vinâ€|thingy."

"_Vinagi_."

"Yeah. That."

"It would please me greatly."

Tom found himself in the bed in seconds. He kissed the engineer soundly for a few moments then the alien pulled back.

"Tell me hu-man, why does your kind hug lips?"

"Hug lips?"

"You just did it to me."

Tom laughed. "It's called kissing, and we do it to show affection orâ€|more."

"Mm, it is nice, I suppose. Kissing me again."

"Kiss. The verb is kiss."

"Kiss then."

They kissed happily, Sparks holding tight to his lover. This was lovely, he thought as desire shot straight down in between his legs.

~Let me touch your intimacy, love.~ Sparks crooned into his mind,

"Yes!" Tom moaned.

Sparks detached himself from his lover's mouth and greedily kissed down his chest to his crotch. He pulled back to look at the latches for the pants. He undid them deftly then shoved the boy down with two arms and his alien strength while the other two pulled down the pants.

"Interesting material. Does it have a name?" Sparks asked as he got the article of clothing off.

"It's just what we make jeans out of. I think they call it denim."

"Ooh. I must explore later. But you wear undergarments, I see."

"Iâ€¦is that weird?"

"Is it?"

Tom shook his head. "Not for Earthlings."

"Mm, it is odd for a Zirkonian. Our clothing is made to contain ourselves, whether we be male or female. It is very light and durable. Hard to tear."

"Sorry."

Sparks looked up and smiled. "There is no reason to be. We come from different worlds, so there are bound to be differences in culture and norms. Now, relax. Let me please you."

Sparks leaned down and inhaled deeply, taking in the pleasing, musty scent from his lover's sex. He smiled as he slowly pulled away the underwear.

~Oh yes. You look absolutely delectable. I enjoy your taste. Let me taste you, yes?~

~Yes.~ Tom said, surprising Sparks by speaking over their bond; it had taken him forever to learn how to do that with his wife, but then again, they had only been able to do it while connected physically.

The Zirkonian leaned down and gave the very male piece of anatomy a long lick. _~Mm, good.~_ He purred happily as Tom spasmed.

"Ungh!" he grunted.

~Ooh, you are noisy! I like that!~

Tom couldn't keep quiet as pleasure danced through his veins. When Sparks took him in his mouth, the human wailed and arched. He could barely feel the sharp spikes that were the Zirkonian's teeth, but he didn't care. It only served to enhance the sensation. Pleasure exploded through him a short few minutes later. Tom went limp, moaning.

"Mm, you look good," Sparks purred, drawing his hands through the hair in between his legs. "This is pleasant to touch, and I notice you have some on your head, on your stomach, and under your arms. Tell me, what is it?"

"Hair," Tom sighed, sitting up .

"Why do you have it?"

"I don't know. Just the way we are."

"Is it alive?"

"At the roots, yes. But the rest of it is dead. It can get longer on our heads."

"Yes, I noticed the females had long hair the last time I was

here."

"Yeah. But males can have long hair, too."

"Ooh. Interesting. We have nothing like that on our bodies. It is a nice texture."

"â€¦Thanks? I mean, I can't really control it." Tom paused and ran his fingers over the Zirkonian's arm, which was the only bodily place that wasn't covered by clothing. "I like how your skin feels. It's not really slimyâ€¦but it's kinda slick."

"Thank you, hu-man."

"Hey, you know my species, but I don't know yours. What is it?"

"I am a Zirkonian from planet Zirkonia. It used to be a beautiful world, but my kind has not taken care of it. Earth is very beautiful. Lush plants, diverse wildlife, plenty of natural resources. I enjoy this planet. Now that I am here again, I would like to explore it more thoroughly."

"Sounds good." The human paused. "Do you want me toâ€¦?"

Sparks studied him. "To what?"

"Umâ€¦"

"Come now. There is nothing to be embarrassed about. Say it."

"To, you knowâ€¦help?"

"Help me what?"

"Aw, c'mon Sparks. Don't make me say it. Please?"

"No. You are my mate and should not be ashamed of asking to give or receive pleasure with me. Ask me."

"Do you want me to touch youâ€¦intimately?" Tom muttered, face red.

"That would be very nice," Sparks said with a nod. "Maybe you could use your mouth?"

"Ifâ€¦if that's what you want, sure, but I've neverâ€¦you knowâ€¦done it before."

"That is just fine. I will tell you if you wrong-do something. But, as Zirkonians, we do not tend to use teeth."

"Gee, I wonder why," Tom laughed then moved to pick up Sparks and place him on the pillow.

It took a good three minutes to get the alien naked, and Sparks let him figure it on his own. Then, staring hesitantly at the engorged length in between the alien's legs, he felt his cheeks get hot again. He couldn't help but be nervous. He really didn't want to mess up. Sparks gave him a gentle smile.

"Relax, Tom Tom. It will not bite. Take all the time you need to get ready."

"You seem awful calm and collected," Tom said as he tried to do as his lover asked and relax.

"I experienced the same thing that you are with Stellar on our first night together. She was acting just as I am. She had had two other lovers before me, but they were not compatible. She walked me through it, helping me to bring pleasure to us both. It is a memory I will cherish until the day I die."

"Stellar was your wife, right?"

"Yes. Lovemate is what we call it on our planet. We can have up to four, male or female, but it is hard to reach that number. To be a lovemate, you have to be compatible with all of your partners, and the more there is, the harder it gets."

Tom nodded then took a deep breath. "I thinkâ€¦I think I'm ready."

"Good. Go as slowly as you need."

Tom swallowed and began kissing down Sparks' body. He paused for three seconds then took the male piece of anatomy into his mouth. Sparks moaned, bucking up.

"Yesâ€¦t-try sucking a little. Use your t-tongue," Sparks instructed breathlessly.

Tom did so, and Sparks made a strangled noise and began muttering in Zirkonian. Unlike the previous night, Tom actually understood about half the words and phrases that he was speaking. Some of them made no sense, but the way the alien was saying them implied great pleasure. That sent a surge of confidence and he curled his tongue gently, lapping at the underside. That certainly got a positive reaction. Sparks arched and pressed two of his arms on the human's head, keeping him there. For the first time, the boy realized how strong Zirkonians were. He doubted he could move if he wanted to.

"Oh! Oh! Please! Don't stop! So close! Oh, Tom Tom! Yes!"

In a feat that should have been impossible, at least for a human, Sparks lunged up at a strange angle and sank his teeth exactly into the marks that had been left on his lover's shoulder from their previous session. Again, with no physical touch whatsoever, Tom came hard.

This time, though, he stayed conscious and felt something broaden, noâ€¦deepen, in his mind. Sparks' pleasure added to his own and the orgasm lasted a full minute. When the throes of ecstasy finally released them, Tom flopped beside his lover and sighed, pulling him close to kiss him.

"That was nice," the human said teasingly.

Sparks laughed. "Oh, Tom Tom."

"You know something? I think I actually _like_ that nickname. But

only when you say it."

"I have a nickname for you, lovemate, but where is mine?"

"Hmmâ€¦ Sparky?"

Sparks shot up. "Ooh! I like it! Sparky! It has a nice ring to it."

"Mm. I'm tired."

"Me, too. Let us actually get under the blankets this time, yes?"

"But that means I have to move!" Tom whined as he sat up and pulled down the covers. They snuggled together and their minds pressed together, closer than before.

"Sleep well, lovemate."

"Yeah. You, too."

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3. Short, but informative. :)

* * *

><p>A burst of shock woke the boy. He sat up, gasping, and found himself looking at wide golden eyes. Sparks reached for him and stroked his face reverently.<p>

"Oh, Tom Tom!"

"What?"

Sparks smiled and took his hands. All four of them. Wait, four?! Tom felt panic rise in him, worse than the morning before when he'd found out about the lilona vinagi. He began to hyperventilate, pulling away from his lovemate to stare at his three-fingered hands. All. Four. Of. Them. Sparks grabbed him, yanking him close.

"Tom Tom! Calm down. You shall pass out if you do not!"

"W-what in the hell is going on?!" Tom wailed, beginning to cry. His body didn't feel right, He felt lighter and stronger.

"Hush, Tom Tom! Calm yourself, please!" Sparks begged. "Take deep breaths, in and out. In. Hold it. Out. In. Out. In. Out..."

Tom followed the instructions, taking great gulps of air as he tried to alleviate the lightheadedness that engulfed him. When his breathing was under control, Sparks kissed him tenderly several times. He then sucked on the strange, tube-like ears that protruded from the side of his head. Immediately calmness floated through him and he went limp as a very nice sensation curled through him. He sighed and put his arms around his lover. All four of them. Despite that fact running through his mind, he couldn't panic again. He felt

too nice. Sparks finally pulled back.

"Much better, yes?"

Tom nodded then pushed back, shivering at how natural having four arms was. He looked at his clearly Zirkonian hands then looked up.

"How did I become a Zirkonian?"

"The _lilona vinagi _is a strange bond. Some of the things that it does would be considered magic on your planet. We consider it odd, but natural. The second bite must have done it."

"Why does the bite open my mind more? I remember the connection gettingâ€|deeper? last night when you bit me. And why does it make meâ€|you know, again?" To his relief, Sparks didn't make him say it this time.

"There is a chemical inside of a Zirkonian's brain that is released only through the teeth, and then only during passion-pleasure. It opens what you would call the spirit-soul to allow a mind connection," Sparks explained, his split fingertips playing with the boy's ear to keep him calm. "The chemical is a huge combination of things, including passion-pleasure inducing pheromones, sending even an unaroused body into ecstatic convulsions."

"Oh. Well, it _is_ quite ecstatic," Tom said with a nod then looked away. "Um, is this permanent?" he asked, gesturing at his body.

"I am sure you can change back. We only must figure it out."

"Well, we've got five days to do it. Then Mom and Dad are coming back from their cruise, and Hannah comes back over from her friend's house."

"Then figure it out, we shall Tom Tom. And I would bet that I can change into a hu-man as well!"

"That'll be interesting," Tom yawned and stood. As the blanket fell away, he looked down at his body. Speaking of interestingâ€|The human-turned-alien drew his hands down his chest curiously. There was a snigger, and Tom stopped, very embarrassed, when he realized Sparks was grinning at him.

"You are acting like Grunge and Snarl did," Sparks laughed. "You know, when they were babies. The day they discovered their bodies was the most interesting day of their lives up to that point. It was funny to watch them explore." Sparks shook his head when Tom lowered his hands and looked away. "Oh, come now, Tom Tom. There is nothing to be embarrassed about. I will do the same thing when I turn into a hu-man."

Tom nodded then grimaced as his stomach complained. "Geez, it feels like I haven't eaten in a week!"

"Zirkonians eat great quantities of food when they are safe and food is available. We can survive on less, but a full belly is really nice," the alien explained.

"Let's go make something. How about burgers?"

"Sounds delectableâ€|but not as delectable as _you _are."

Tom felt hot all over and his skin got a purple tinge to it. He blinked. "That's how you blush?"

"Indeed. Ours is a full body experience."

"Umâ€|I just thought of a problem."

"What is that?"

Tom looked down. "I have no clothes to wear on this body."

Sparks hummed. "I have some extra in my pod. You look to be my size exactly. Let me get dressed and go get them. You go make food."

The clothing fit him perfectly, which was great. But even better was all the stuff he'd made for brunch. He'd had to use the stepstool, but he'd made a feast. He was so hungry that it was ridiculous, so pretty much anything he'd seen he'd made. They ate greedily, and, despite the great quantity of food, they ate everything, going so far as the lick the dishes clean. Tom sat down, satisfied.

"Mm, that's better," he sighed.

"Oh yes. You humans are sustained on so little," Sparks replied, snuggling close and lapping at the boy's ear.

"Ooh, that feels good," Tom groaned.

"Yeah. I know. Our ears are extremely sensitive."

"Is that why sucking on them calmed me?"

"Yes, hu-man. That is why. It is what parents do to comfort their children, lovers do to comfort each other, and, depending on how close they are, friends can do it, too."

"Your kind is just fascinating," Tom said. He sighed again and shook his head tiredly. "I'm sleepy."

"That was a large meal, even for our kind. I suggest we go upstairs to sleep. We can experiment later on changing ourselves."

"Sounds good."

4. Chapter 4

This chapter is short, but not sweet in the usual way. Enjoy. :)

* * *

><p>"So, Sparks, where are you from?" Nina Pearson asked.<p>

"Oh, a long way away. You probably wouldn't recognize where," Sparks said with a smile.

"And how long have you known Tom?" Stuart asked.

"We met about twentyâ€¦I mean, two years ago," the boy said with a nod at the man. "While we were on vacation on the fishing lakes."

"You don't mean," Stuart asked in shock. "That it was during the 'aliens' fiasco?"

"Aliens? What do you mean?" Sparks asked, his eyes beaming a smile at Tom. "There's no such thing, right?"

"Right," Tom snickered.

"Well, how about lunch?" Nina asked. "We'll take you out anywhere you want."

"Mm, how about Indian?" Tom asked. "It's spicy!" he added.

Sparks looked thoughtful. "Very well. Indian food it is."

They had a nice lunch then Sparks and Tom got back and sat in his room. "Hannah has grown a bit," Sparks said with a nod. "I can tell even from this height."

"She's nine. I would bet she hits puberty early just like Bethany did."

"Yes, my sons did that."

Tom nodded and flopped back. Sparks observed him, and Tom could feel the awakening of desire through the _lilona vinagi._ He smirked and stuck his tongue out. Sparks lunged forward and captured his lips. They were so busy enjoying themselves that they didn't hear the door open or the rapid footsteps away. They jumped at the yell.

"What do you mean they're kissing like we do?!" Stuart barked.

Sparks leaped away, blushing hotly as Tom sat up and did the same. "Oh, shit," Tom groaned, placing his head in his hands. "Hannah must've seen us."

"Does she not understand the concept of knocking?" Sparks asked. "I mean, we have different patterns, but knocking is something our planets have in common."

"She's my little sister. She's walked in on me naked before," Tom muttered as footsteps sounded on the stairs. "She just doesn't get it."

~I should have a talking to with the girl.~ Sparks murmured. Stuart and Nina were suddenly there in the doorway. They walked in and shut the door.

"You have five seconds to explain," Stuart said.

"What can I say. We're dating," Tom sighed, resolving to get the lecture over with.

Two hours later, Sparks was feeling like a scolded child again as the two adult humans left the room. The verdict was clear. If Tom wanted this relationship, he had to live under his own roof. Sparks frowned.

"Wow. That could not have gone any worse," Sparks sighed.

"They could've shot you for ruining me."

"Hu-mans are so strange. I am not ruining you. I would be if we were not compatible, but that is not the case. I am improving you! Complimenting you!"

"Yeah? Well they don't know about the _lilona vinagi. _They don't know you're an alien. They just don'tâ€|don't know." Tom placed his face in his hands and began to cry.

"Tom? What's wrong?" Hannah asked from the doorway.

"He has to move out if he wants to keep dating me," Sparks said shortly.

"I thought boys could only date girls."

"Not necessarily. Where I'm from, boys can date boys, and girls can date girls, too"

"So why does he have to move out?"

Sparks smiled with the patience of a father. "Because here, where you're from, it doesn't work like that."

"Oh. Tommy? Don't cry. You can always visit us."

"Thanks, Hannah," Tom said, wiping his eyes. "I will. They gave me two weeks to get out. Sparks, you've got to help me."

"I will Tom Tom. Do not worry about it. I will get an Earth job if I have to."

"Thanks."

"Wanna watch a movie?" Hannah asked.

"Sure," Tom said with a smile. "What do you say, Sparks?"

"That sounds delightful."

5. Chapter 5

This is the last chapter of this story. There is a sequel that is much longer. Enjoy this one now, and I'll keep you updated on the progress of the sequel. :)

* * *

><p>Sparks was hiding behind Tom's legs, looking fearfully at his leader. Not just his commander. No, that would be too good for him. But the actual leader of Zirkonia. He swallowed, knowing

death was on the horizon. Tom was brave, but their leader had brought twenty troops with him, and they all had advanced weapons. This was nothing like what his lovemate had faced the first time. That had been covert, just an advance team who didn't want to call attention to themselves. This, on the others hand, was a kill squad. They stood no chance at all.

"Leave him alone," Tom said stubbornly.

"Stay back, human," Zrong said firmly. "Just let us have the traitor."

"P-p-please, sir," Sparks begged. "I shall live in peace with the hu-mans on Earth. I will never go to Zirkonia again. Pleaseâ€|"

"You will be brought in for questioning," Zrong intoned. "If you are found guilty, you will be _zenob'd_. If you are cleared, you may return to your work of making Zirkonia better."

"I-I want to stay on Earth. Please, sir, I beg of youâ€|"

There was a shrill scream that made all of the Zirkonians cringe violently and cover their ears. Tom turned to see his father in the door with Hannah beside him, a gun in his hands. His eyes were focused at the leader.

Tom's mind churned in the brief eternity it took for his father to raise the gun. This alien was Zrong. He was the leader of the Zirkonians, something like their king/dictator, depending on his mood. It was always good to be on his good side, and dangerous if you were on his bad. If he was killed, there would be one holy hell of an uprising, and Sparks would be killed in the melee that followed. That thought was all it took. Tom lunged forward and shoved Zrong aside just as the _bang _sounded out. Pain lanced up his side and Sparks screamed, clutching at his chest and his skin got a sickly white tinge to it.

There was dead silence for ten seconds after that as the aliens and humans stared at the downed boy. Stuart took one step toward his son, and Sparks gave a warning yowl, golden eyes turning red in anger.

"Touch him and die!" he shouted.

"Snuggle Lump?" Hannah asked, looking quite white.

"Not now, Hannah!" Spark snarled. "Your father just shot your brother. I knew he hated our relationship, but that is pushing it, too far!"

"Sparks! Here, now!" Zrong said, purple eyes staring at the boy.

Spark walked over, panting. He couldn't seem to get enough air. "Y-yes sir?"

"What is your relationship with this human?" he asked in Zirkonian.

_"We have the love bond. A deep one that doesn't fade when we are not

together physically. In fact, though we have played around, we have never truly connected physically."_

_ "Why did you not tell us this? You know our law. We cannot separate a love bond like that, through death or otherwise."_

_ "Iâ€|I'm sorry, sir. I just couldn't think straightâ€|"_ Sparks was still gasping, clutching at his chest. He realized something. "Oh no! He's been shot through the lung!" he moaned in English.

"We have to get him to the hospital!" Stuart said, hurrying over and reaching for his son. Sparks' eyes turned red and he bit into the arm that was in front of him, latching on tightly.

"Sparks! Get off of him!" Zrong shouted.

Sparks only snarled, sinking his teeth in deeper as the human scrambled at his arm.

"Razor, Tazer! Get him off of the human!" Zrong ordered.

The two soldiers hurried forward and pressed right on the jaw line, hitting nerves that relaxed the muscles. With that done, they pulled him up and off. Blood bubbled out and Stuart hurried backward as Sparks struggled in his two comrades' grips.

"Calm down, Sparks," Tazer growled.

"Relax, young one," Razor said soothingly.

"Do not let him touch my lovemate!" Sparks screamed. "He does not deserve to know him!"

"But we know nothing of human physiology, Sparks," Zrong said. "And he is clearly wounded greatly."

Sparks paused, looking at his lovemate. "No. But we know Zirkonian physiology."

"He is not Zirkonian."

Sparks strained against Tazer and Razor's grips. They looked to their leader, who, after assessing that the four-armed Zirkonian was going toward his lover and not the parental unit, nodded at them. Sparks got right down by his lover's ear.

"Tom Tom, you must turn into a Zirkonian. We can get you medical help if you do. Zirkonian medicine is unmatched by anyone. Please, Tom Tom, I'll help you, but I can't do it for you. Our _lilona vinagi_ isn't strong enough yet."

The human opened his eyes, which were watery. At the desperation in his lovemate's golden eyes, he focused his energy. The first time he'd changed had been difficult, but not nearly as difficult as this one. The agony shifted lower when he finally went limp as a Zirkonian. There was more silence. Nobody could believe it.

"Howâ€|how did he do that?" Razor asked.

_ "Lilona vinagi,"_ Sparks whined, trying not to pass out from the pain. "S-sir, please, get the medics!" he begged Zrong.

_ "Sticker, go get the medics!"_ Zrong said, waving his hand. His eyes hadn't left the boy for more than a few seconds at a time.

Two hours later the medics sat back. _ "There is no way to get this thing out," _the head medic said with a shake of his head in the only language he knew. _ "Not without surgery, and the tools for the type of surgery he needs are back on Zirkonia."_

_ "Please, sir," _Sparks begged. _ "Please let him come!"_

_ "Of course the hero can come to Zirkonia. I would hope that is where he would choose to live."_

_ "H-Hero? What do youâ€¦?"_

Sparks looked down at his lovemate and couldn't help his smile. His lover was a hero. A _hero!_ Oh, he would be welcomed with open arms for his selfless act toward their leader. He kissed him softly.

"You are coming home with us, Tom Tom."

Tom looked bleary, his silver eyes staring blankly up at him. Sparks knew he was so out of it with blood loss that he had no idea what was going on. There was the sound of weapons charging and Sparks' eyes turned red again as he turned and bared his teeth. But it wasn't Stuart or Nina. It was only Hannah. He calmed immediately.

"You're taking my big brother away?"

"He needs special doctors, Hannah," Sparks said with a nod. "Real special. So we are taking him back home to my planet. They shall take good care of him."

"Promise?"

"I promise. He will visit, if you still want him to, of course."

"Yeah!" Hannah said excitedly. "And you can visit, too, Snuggles!"

The three aliens that spoke English besides Sparks immediately laughed.

"Snuggles?" Tazer asked with a snort.

"I shall explain later," Sparks said, his green skin tingeing with purple.

"Can I say goodbye?" Hannah asked.

"Of course."

Hannah walked over and gave her older brother a hug. When she pulled back, tears were gleaming in the corners of her eyes.

"Bye, Tommy."

Tom just stared at her blankly. She began to cry.

"Why isn't he saying anything?" Stuart asked, staying back as he clutched a dishtowel to his arm.

"My guess would be blood loss," Sparks said distastefully. "But, as I am not a medic, do not take my word for it."

"We need to get him wrapped up," the lone female medic said. "He's going into shock."

Sparks didn't bother telling the humans what she'd said. Hannah was too young to know what it was, and the two adults—well, they were just standing there. They seemed to be in some sort of shock, too. Sparks knew that his own parents would be chomping at the bit to keep him home. Then again, they never would have shot him.

The medics wrapped up the boy and put him in their transporter. Sparks was allowed to ride along, but he lingered for a moment.

"Hannah?"

"Yeah, Snuggles?"

Sparks smiled despite Tazer and Razor's laughter. "I shall take good care of your big brother. I love him as much as you do."

"Thanks, Snugs"

He hopped up on the transporter. "Oh, and the name's Sparks, Hannah. Bye!"

The doors shut and they took off. Exiting the atmosphere was rocky, but they quickly got to the large ship. Zrong had gotten into the transporter, too, and everybody saluted when he stepped out. Guns were pointed at Sparks and he clutched at his lovemate's limp hands. Zirkonian was the only thing spoken on this ship, save by Razor, Tazer, and their leader, and they would conform. Sparks did, too.

"Sir?"

"Drop your weapons, soldiers. There is an apart love bond between Sparks and this human boy. We cannot kill either of them."

"Human? That is a Zirkonian, sir, isn't it?" asked one of the generals as the soldiers did as he asked.

"No. I shall explain later. Razor, Tazer, follow Sparks to the medical ward. Stay with him."

The two soldiers frowned but nodded. They were soon seated beside the boy, who was rapidly being hooked up to systems. When he was settled, the medics left. Sparks was holding two of his lovemate's hands, staring at his face.

"You hug lips with him?" Tazer asked quietly.

"Tazer! Now is not the time for that," Razor growled.

Sparks looked up to see them glaring at each other.

"Yes, we kiss."

"Kiss?" they both asked, the newly created word feeling foreign on their lips.

"That's the proper translation for it. The humans call it kissing, not hugging lips."

"Could you teach us how toâ€|kissâ€|properly?" Tazer asked hesitantly.

"Hm? I could, yes. But it would have to be more of an actual physical demonstration than an explanation."

The two Zirkonians analyzed each other. "I'll go first then," Razor said. Tazer had no objections, though he flexed warningly at Sparks.

Sparks released his lovemate's hands and turned to face the female. After a hesitant peck, the engineer pulled back.

"Tilt your head to the right a little bit."

She obeyed and the kissing became much more enjoyable. She pulled back after a minute, nodding.

"That is quite pleasant. Your turn, Tazer. Unless you're afraid, as usual."

"Never, female!" Tazer boasted then pulled Sparks close. Their kiss was just as successful, and Tazer was pleased as he turned and captured Razor's lips. She pressed close, enjoying herself. Normally they wouldn't have let anybody see them doing such an odd act, but Sparks was different. He had just taught them how to properly do it, for crying out loud! They pulled back, both clearly wanting more, then turned to Sparks to thank him. What they saw gave them pause.

He was sitting there, hunched over, hands clutching at his lover's. They suddenly realized just what they'd done. Because it was their fault, and nobody else's, that Sparks had lost his wife and children. It was based on their testimony alone. And now he had a new lover, a human who could turn into a Zirkonian. Their bond was so much deeper than with his deceased wife. And, as they stared at him, they felt that they needed to replace his family members as best as they could. The two Zirkonians glanced at each other for a brief moment then nodded. They might not have a love bond of any kind yetâ€|they just kept dancing around itâ€|but they knew that they had to make it right.

Razor shut the door then Tazer curled an arm around him, licking at his ear. Sparks batted him away.

"I don't need you to pity me," he growled.

"Please, let us," Razor said, wrapping herself around to lap at his

other ear.

"I don't need your pity," Sparks repeated, but let them suckle on his ears. It was so very comforting. He needed it badly, what with his lover gravely injured in front of him. He relaxed and took in their comfort.

"Why are you doing this? I didn't think we were friends at all, let alone good enough friends for you to comfort me with your mouths," Sparks said quietly after a few minutes.

"Weâ€|we were wrong about you," Razor said softly as they pulled back. "Just like we were wrong about each other. Not that we'd admit that to just anybody. Forgive us."

"Of course," Sparks said, turning to smile at her.

"But don't tell anybody about this," Tazer snarled close to his ear.

"Wouldn't want to ruin your reputations," Sparks teased.

"Damn straight," Tazer snickered.

He jerked Sparks' head around and kissed him again, coiling their tongues together. Razor resumed suckling on his ear. Sparks knew where it was heading, so before it got too heated, he stopped them.

"Not that I don't appreciate the offer," he said slowly. "But Tom's opinion matters to me. We need to find out if we're compatible all at once. Once he's better, we can try, but not now. Okay?"

The two soldiers looked at each other then nodded. "I suppose we can expect nothing else," Razor said, trailing her fingers down Sparks back left arm. "But the offer's there."

"Just don'tâ€" Tazer started.

"Tell anybody. I won't. Except for Tom Tom when he wakes up. You can't expect me to keep it from him."

There was a knock on the door and Tazer moved to sit again while Razor opened it.

"His Leadership wants to see Tazer and Razor," the soldier said.

Sparks sensed them look at him. He waved lightly, and they nodded.

"Lead the way," Tazer said, standing and following the soldier out with his potential lovemate.

The door slid closed behind them. Sparks was tired, and he was aroused from what they had been doing to him. It still hurt him to breath and he felt sick and achy. There was no denying it. He was flat out miserable. His Tom Tom was unconscious, and had been since before they'd left Earth, for which he was grateful.

Sparks couldn't help but be worried though. Humans didn't tend travel to other planets except in story books and movies. He would be frightened and disoriented when he woke up. Sparks swallowed. And then there was the fact that he would have to eat and drink for him. He'd never split energy before. He would have to ask a medic to be sure he was doing it right, and safelyâ€|

Sparks took a long breath and felt a twinge in his right lung. He let it out then breathed in again. As he breathed deeply, his lovemate began to relax. There was a noise behind him, and he turned to see the female medic. She had four arms like him and his lover.

"Whatever you're doing, keep doing it," she said. "His vitals are the calmest I've seen."

"I am going to have to energy share with him," Sparks said. "I need instruction."

"First, you must be well fed. Leader Zrong has given us permission to give you double rations. You must also get much rest. My suggestion would be to come and sleep on this bed for now. When you wake, you will eat and more instructions will be given."

Sparks squeezed his lovemate's hands tightly before going to lie on the other bed. As he fell asleep, his thoughts were of his lover. He turned to look at him then reached into his mind.

_ ~Don't worry, Tom Tom. I'll be here for you when you wake. Hopefully the bullet will be out of your lung by then.~_

Darkness engulfed him and he was pulled into sleep as the ship carried them to Zirkonia, and his lover's new life.

End
file.